

The Weekly Panola Star.

It is not in the power of any one to command success, but we will do more, we will deserve it.

VOLUME 2.

THE STAR.

Published at

PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI,

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

BY W. S. WARD.

Editor and proprietor.

TERMS:

For 6 months, \$100
Within six months, \$150
After six months, \$300

RATES OF ADVERTISEMENTS:

One page, first insertion	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	.50
For three months	5.00
For six months	8.00
For one year	12.00

£1.00 A liberal deduction made for longer advertisements.

JOB WORK

On all commissions, from large Hand Bills to Fancy Cards, done with neatness and Dispatch, and on reasonable terms.

All communications must be addressed to M. S. Ward, Esq., Panola, Mississippi.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers after the discontinuance of their newspaper, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The clients have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for six months, shall be prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Selected Story.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY W. S. WARD.

"What can you one of the finest pieces of cloth I have seen for the last six months?" said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose name from clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer, "the silks and buttons are all I want."

"It is no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There!" he added, as he unfolded the glossy broad cloth, and clapped his hand upon it self-satisfiedly, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as air." Only four dollars a yard, and worth six every cent of it. I bought it at auction, yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth— "I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards. "At least from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's eyes in some doleful as to his meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen buttons for my wife," said all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and examined it closely. "This one is getting rusty and there a hole. A man like you should have some regard to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't add in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this sort don't grow on every tree."

"Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had which would be omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands, and tempted needless expenditure."

"As the end of the six months' credit approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling

not want it. Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say no; although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half-triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings of course?"

As he spoke he turned to the shelves for padding, lining, silk, &c.; and while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an eternal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," replied Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had been pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do for a new coat," said Edwards in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons, in addition to the coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having induced himself with an entire new suit, he could not upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of anything else?" inquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, as his bill was already thirty-five dollars, and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, she unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," said she. "We want sheets and pillow cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs.

"We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh! yes, easily enough," responded his wife confidently.

So much for a good credit," he said at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That coming fellow, Edwards, has gone to the wharfdore of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we any happier now, for the extra dry goods we have purchased? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed and our love of display gratified to some extent. But, has all that brought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Now Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repeating of her part in the folly they had committed.

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the door. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That coming fellow, Edwards, has gone to the wharfdore of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get by the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we any happier now, for the extra dry goods we have purchased? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed and our love of display gratified to some extent. But, has all that brought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Now Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repeating of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and fifty dollars had taken away their appetite. The night that followed brought neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober-minded, and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrasment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with gittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man, gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards. I suppose, and ask him to wait. But I'm sure he'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards—but now he avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his walk for the twentieth time, as he sat by his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yard stick. "I have

of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it would not be less than forty dollars. There was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed, at times, as if it would almost suffocate him.

The evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife, he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane?" said he kindly. "Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes drooped as she said it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half-closed lids—the bosom laboring with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manners alarm me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness.

"But how much is the bill?"

</